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No. 348.

THE MARTYRS OF WALHALLA;

OR,

EARLY MISSIONARY ANNALS

OF

Northern Minnesota and Dakota.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

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THE MARTYRS OF WALHALLA.

During a delightful tour through Northern Dakota in the month of June, 1885, I had the pleasure of visiting several churches and societies, meeting many intelligent, earnest Christian workers, and learning many interesting incidents connected with the work of missions in that part of the Territory. The pleasant rides over the prairies, the warm welcome received at the hospitable homes thrown wide open to receive and welcome me as a sister in Christ, will never be forgotten. Arriving at Necho, the terminus of the railroad on the United States side of the line, an esteemed co-worker and myself were met by a courteous and well-to-do farmer and conveyed to his thoroughly comfortable home on the prairie. There we learned that a meeting in the interests of foreign missions had been arranged for the following day at the little meeting-house several miles distant, where we would have the opportunity we desired of speaking upon that subject.

Several of the household were to go with us, and the next morning, after a satisfying breakfast, a comfortable farm-wagon, well loaded, and drawn by our host's splendid Percherons, wound its way past the wheat-fields and over the blossoming prairies to the place of meeting; and, standing in the doorway on that bright June day, we saw with grateful emotion the loaded vehicles coming from different points filled with women and children eager to hear and to talk of the grand subject of the evangelization of the world and the coming of the King.

There are Christian women in our large cities who each month, clad in rich garments, roll up in luxu-

rious carriages to churches elegantly furnished, and sit at ease in cushioned seats to hear and talk of this soul-stirring theme, who might learn lessons from their hard-working sisters on the outskirts who come up to the little plain churches or schoolhouses hungering for spiritual food and for knowledge as to how they can best do the work for the Master to which they have been called. They are weary in body, it may be, when they take their seats, but their eyes brighten and their hearts burn within them as they talk of these things and realize the presence of their Saviour; and they return to their homes refreshed and strengthened, and all who see them take knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus.

From Hyde Park we went over to Walhalla, and thence over the Pembina Mountains to Beaulieu, at which place we were delightfully entertained at a model English farmhouse. Father Scott was our escort, and aided us in our twilight meeting in the little sod-roofed schoolhouse, which was filled to its utmost capacity; and we have reason to believe that an interest in foreign missions was aroused and stimulated. From the top of the Pembina Mountains we counted seventeen Mennonite villages in a circuit of a few miles, and, riding through some of them afterward, were much interested in and astonished at the Mennonites' peculiar modes of living. They are good, law-abiding communities, and live entirely within themselves, each village having its own shops, church and schoolhouse. The villagers all looked perfectly contented, and it was restful to see people who were completely out of the rush and excitement of the world pursuing their daily duties diligently, meddling with no one outside and apparently satisfied with their own little sphere. They are all beyond the forty-ninth parallel, and consequently are British subjects. Their villages, where each house on the one long street is the head of a farm that runs away over the prairie in a narrow strip, are a curiosity and well repay the

visitor. They have large herds of cattle, which seem just as methodical, quiet and orderly in their habits as their owners. Returning to Walhalla, we enjoyed a pleasant sojourn at the manse where Rev. Mr. Scott and his wife reside, and had several opportunities to meet the women of the place and talk to them of foreign missions.

This is a locality of especial interest. Our Presbyterian church owns here forty acres. This includes the manse and the most suitable ground on the slope of the mountains which has been set apart and used as a cemetery. The name "Walhalla" means the "House of the Gods," and from its present appearance it would seem to have been simply a resting-place for the deities, for it is impossible to conceive of anything like war or commotion or activity of any kind in that little settlement lying so drowsily at the foot of the Pembina Mountains. Walking along one of its quiet streets one evening after tea, I noticed the ruins of a log house, and beside it a narrow mound. Inquiring what it was, I was told it was the grave of a missionary woman who was murdered by the Indians many years ago. "What!" I exclaimed, "is there nothing to mark the spot where lie the remains of one who suffered martyrdom for the sake of Christ?"—"Well," was the reply, "there *was* a stone set up, it is said, but a man who took a claim over yonder on the prairie built a house and took the stone for a doorstep." And this is the way in which we found Mrs. Spencer's grave! The information gained at that time in regard to the circumstances connected with her death was very vague; our informants did not even know the name of the murdered woman. We were much impressed with what we had heard, and in writing an account of our trip for the columns of a religious newspaper, I gave such information of the event as could be gained, suggesting the propriety of erecting some kind of a monument to protect the lone grave from further desecration. This paper fell into the hands of Mrs. Webb of

Oxford, Pennsylvania, the wife of the financial agent of Lincoln University. This lady forwarded it to Mrs. Chandler of the Madura Mission, India, a friend of Mrs. Spencer. Mrs. Chandler sent a number of Mrs. Spencer's letters, written to her while working among the Indians, and also a copy of one from Mr. Spencer to her mother in Ohio conveying tidings of her death and narrating the circumstances attending it. These letters, worn and yellow with age, Mrs. Webb enclosed to me, and they now lie before me. A few extracts from them will give some idea of the mission as it was at that time.

Under date of June 16, 1853, in speaking of the infrequency of mails and the difficulties in the way of procuring supplies, Mrs. Spencer says: "When Mr. Spencer first came into the country, ten years ago, he received no mail whatever for one year and half, and the first two years or more that I spent at Cass Lake I thought myself favored to receive an answer to a letter in three months. I do not know how it will be here, but probably we shall have no mail this summer. . . . The people here are entirely under Roman Catholic influence, there being a priest and church here. . . . Many, however, are anxious to send their children to a Protestant school, and are prepared to appreciate the advantages of an education much more than the Indians, and are in a state to be benefited by our labors. There are about thirty houses; some look quite neat and pretty. They are built of hewn logs, mudded quite smoothly outside and inside, with shingled roofs. One has window-shutters. Most of the people here, however, live in tents of skin as yet. The inhabitants dress like white people, except that the women wear no bonnets and braid their hair on their necks. A large number of the half-breeds, with their families, are now on the plains in search of buffalo, and will be absent two or three months until they fill their carts with meat. We have obtained a house in which to spend the summer. We shall occupy it with

Brother Barnard and family. It is one of Mr. Kittson's storehouses (he is a trader here), quite large, with only one room and a chamber; our house will not be ready until fall. Mr. Kittson is starting for St. Paul with above sixty carts loaded with furs; he has more than four thousand buffalo robes, besides many other skins. Several other traders accompany him. There will be over one hundred carts in all. They will go across the plains direct to Mendota, and will arrive there in a month."

Again she writes: "Our supplies are sometimes delayed, so that we have to use a little Yankee ingenuity to get along comfortably. We have suffered more from the delay and failure of food than clothing. But the Lord permitted us not to suffer with hunger, but fed us as truly as he did Elijah, with good fish and the very finest of whortleberries, and we had milk and sugar. This occurred the first summer that we spent at Lake Winnebegoshish. The Indians suffered much that year from a failure in their crop of wild rice. We shall be differently situated here; we shall obtain flour from Selkirk's Settlement, seventy miles distant, and buffalo meat and other things here."

Writing of the effect of the gospel on those among whom they are laboring, she says: "I think that those who become Christians show tenderness of conscience and have just ideas of the sinfulness of sin. I have often thought they might put to shame many Christians in civilized lands. At times, when the Indians have been obliged to subsist on fish, the church-members at Red Lake have gone without food over the Sabbath rather than visit their nets on that day. A church-member at Cass Lake got entirely out of food, and the family had nothing to eat. He could not withstand the entreaties of his wife (not a Christian) and the cries of his children, and took his gun and went out, but was in great agony of mind. He walked all day without seeing any game. In the evening he went to the mission to make confession of his fault."

In another letter, dated July 13, 1854, she says. "Since I wrote last we as a mission have been greatly afflicted. Our dear sister Barnard died October 25, 1853. It was a bitter cup to me, and Brother Barnard feels bereaved indeed. He took his poor motherless children to Ohio last spring, where he intends to leave them, returning here next fall; so you see Mr. Spencer and myself are left alone to do what we can until help arrives. We design eventually to establish a boarding-school here, and with a view to this have taken five little boys into our family. We have had applications to take others, but I have hesitated to add to my cares during the warm weather, which affects me much, as I cannot endure the heat as I once did. . . . With the exception of two or three gentlemen from the States, all the residents of this place are Roman Catholics. The priest of course opposes our operations, although he is kind and obliging as a neighbor. He has publicly announced that any who send their children to our school or place their children in our family shall not receive the sacrament. From the fact that this does not deter them we derive much encouragement. . . . We have now a comfortable house, surrounded with some Yankee conveniences, such as a good cistern-well in a good cool cellar, etc. Then we have a fine garden and two good cows, all of which are great blessings. The Lord has raised up a very kind friend and helper in the Hon. Mr. Kittson. He is engaged in the fur-trade and resides at this place, but is now absent in the States. We have reason to hope the Lord has begun a good work in his heart and will perfect it. We have been a good deal annoyed of late by the Sioux prowling about our peaceful village and disturbing the quiet of its inhabitants. The former are at enmity with the Indians in this part of the country, and more recently with the half-breeds. The latter formed a party and went out upon the mountain to see if there really were any Sioux there. They found a number, and spoke kindly to them, but

they answered not, and raised their guns to fire; the half-breeds then fired and killed three. The rest of the party hung around a few days, and then departed. It is expected they will return in a few days with a reinforcement to avenge the death of their companions. Last December the Lord gave us a little son, whose smiling happy face cheers many a lonely hour. Brainerd is the largest, healthiest child we have had."

With a few loving words Mrs. Spencer closes this last letter to her friend in India. In a few days the Indians did return, and it was probably one of their number who fired into that peaceful, happy home and stilled the heart that beat so lovingly for her friends, her husband and her children, and for the poor untaught, ignorant heathen to whom she so longed to tell the story of "Jesus and his love."

In enclosing these letters Mrs. Webb sent the first contribution toward the monument which we had determined should be erected to the memory of Mrs. Spencer; contributions from one or two other sources came in, and we felt that the object would be attained. At the meeting of the Women's Board of the Northwest, at Davenport, Iowa, which occurred in the month of April, 1887, opportunity was granted at the evening reception which closed our meeting there to lay the matter before the ladies, and I narrated the circumstances as we had then learned them. At the close of the story a white-haired sister whom I knew and loved obtained permission to say a few words. None who were present at that great gathering will ever forget the thrill that went through us all as, with streaming eyes and in tones tremulous with emotion, she said: "I want to tell you that that man, Mr. Spencer, was my own brother, and that his oldest daughter, Anna, is now the wife of a good earnest Christian. The second daughter has been a missionary in Turkey for many years, and the baby-boy who was in his mother's arms when she received her death-wound is now the

Rev. David Brainerd Spencer, and is doing good work for the Master."

A moment's hush fell on the large audience, and unspoken praises went up to the throne for the almighty Father's tender care and wonderful preservation of those motherless children. Our beloved treasurer, Mrs. Farwell, then suggested a collection, and a generous amount was put into my hands toward the memorial stone. The story was told at several other places during a summer tour, and collections were taken up. At Grand Forks a liberal contribution was given, and on reaching home arrangements were made with Farnham & Sullivan, marble-workers of Minneapolis, for preparing a white marble monument bearing the following inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

MRS. CORNELIA LEONARD SPENCER,

BORN AUGUST 3, 1825.

Killed by Indians,

August 30, 1854,

At Walhalla,

where she and her husband were laboring as missionaries.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

When completed the marble shaft was shipped to Bathgate, care of Rev. Mr. Schell, to be cared for until the following June, which was the time set for the removal of the remains to the Presbyterian cemetery at Walhalla. After paying for the stone and its transportation to Bathgate, there was a small balance left over from the amount contributed. It was arranged that this removal should be made a memorable occasion, and that there should be a large gathering with

appropriate services, which, it was hoped, would be not only impressive and interesting, but also a means of arousing all present to greater diligence in the blessed work of spreading the gospel. Meantime, I had obtained the address of each of the children, had written to them, and had received replies, all expressing grateful pleasure at the movement of the friends who were working to secure a resting-place and a memorial stone for their martyred mother's remains.

Mrs. Anna Spencer Thacker, the oldest child, writes as follows: "We received a letter from our aunt Mrs. Drew giving us an account of the wonderful circumstances connected with our mother's grave, as related at the last evening session of your meeting at Davenport. To us it seemed like a wonderful answer to prayer. To find her lonely grave and lay her by our father's side had been a cherished hope of my younger sister Charlotte, and was only relinquished during the last year because of failing health and lack of necessary funds. Aunt requested me to give you the following items: Mrs. Cornelia Leonard Spencer, born August 3, 1825; married May 16, 1849; died August 30, 1854.

"Father's most intimate friend during those years of missionary life was Rev. Alonzo Barnard. They went to Pembina or St. Joseph, now called Walhalla, in 1853, to form their fifth mission-station in that region. It had seemed advisable to go there, though it was above one hundred miles from any white settler. The houses had been built and the families settled. The ladies had selected a lovely grove between the houses as a playground for the children."

In a communication from Rev. Mr. Barnard in reply to my expressed wish to learn something of Mrs. Barnard's death, which occurred soon after this, I learn that she did not die there, but at what was then called the Selkirk Settlement, near Manitoba, not far from the city of Winnipeg. Mrs. Thacker says: "Mrs. Barnard, dying a few months afterward from quick

consumption brought on by exposure in this rough life, was buried, in accordance with her dying wish, in the pretty little grove alluded to. Our mother, killed eight months later, was laid by her side a few feet to the north. Mr. Barnard purchased a stone and carried it a distance of one hundred miles, only to have it broken to pieces by the Indians; but he laid the fragments on his wife's grave on his last visit in that part of the country, hoping that they might be allowed to remain to mark the spot."

Miss Charlotte D. Spencer, whose health is feeble, and who has been obliged to return from her mission-work in Turkey, is in the State of Michigan, and has written several letters to me on this subject, expressing gratitude for the movement toward marking the resting-place of her mother, and approving of the inscription suggested for her memorial stone. All the children are desirous of being present at the services in June, and we sincerely hope God may so order it that their wishes may be gratified.

When the first steps were taken in regard to this work of marking the graves we did not know that Mrs. Barnard's remains were beside Mrs. Spencer's. There was a vague rumor to the effect that they had been buried there, but had been removed. Learning, however, the truth from her husband, it seemed eminently proper that Mrs. Barnard's precious dust should likewise be removed to the quiet, picturesque cemetery by the manse, and that her grave also should be properly marked.

A proposition was made to add an appropriate inscription to the stone already prepared for Mrs. Spencer's grave, and so to arrange it that it would answer for both graves. But some difficulties arose in the way of carrying out this suggestion, and after a good deal of perplexing consideration and correspondence it was decided to secure the pieces of the original stone, and, after putting them in as good repair as possible, place them on the grave of Mrs. Barnard, which

is to be side by side with that of her beloved and cherished friend. This appears to be the best and most fitting use that can be made of these memorial fragments.

Rev. Mr. Schell, who has been untiring in his efforts to do the very best thing in regard to this whole matter, writes me as follows of this final arrangement: "I have at last succeeded in getting possession of the two main pieces of the original stone brought from Selkirk Settlement nearly thirty-four years ago, and laid upon the grave of Mrs. Barnard by her husband on the occasion of his last visit to this part of the country. The pieces were at different places three miles apart and six miles distant from Walhalla. One piece had to be dug out from under the earth and the débris which had covered it at the door of a shanty or dwelling that had been burned down a year ago. A small piece I discovered lying along the edge of a ravine near an old stable. The second main piece I obtained at another place, where it was still in use as a *doorstep*. The party excused his unseemly abuse of the old stone by stating that he found no inscription on it, and therefore supposed that it had been set up over the grave of some Indian!

The stone bears no sign of any inscription at present, and I infer that the record must have been put on with paint, which had faded out or been worn off. I have written to Father Barnard on that point, but as yet have received no reply. The size of the two when joined together will be twenty by forty inches, rounded at the top. The material is a fine-grained limestone or soft marble.

We thought that about the best thing we could do in the circumstances would be to secure a limestone or sandstone slab about twenty-four by forty-eight inches to lay upon Mrs. Barnard's grave by the side of Mrs. Spencer's monument, and have the old stone joined together and fastened to the slab with dowel pins and cement, and then inscribed as follows:

In Memory

of

SARAH PHILENA,

Wife of Alonzo Barnard,

Who died Oct. 25, 1853,

of quick consumption, the result of ten years' exposure and suffering as

A missionary
for the good of the Indians.

Aged 34 years 19 days.

Ps. 32 : 8 and 37 : 3.

This stone, brought from Selkirk, Manitoba, 1856; broken, it was laid upon the grave; afterward removed and lost, recovered and reverently restored
June 21, 1888.

When it was proposed that we should in some way record the death of Mrs. Barnard and the murder of Mr. Terry, a generous subscription was handed us from the Westminster Church, Minneapolis, which will go toward that purpose, although it will not be sufficient to cover all expenses connected with it. But we believe that God, who has hitherto helped us and guided us in our efforts, will in some way supply our need and enable us to carry out our plans for preserving the memory of his faithful servants.

Among the papers and letters sent me by the children of Mrs. Spencer is one of unusual interest bearing date St. Joseph, Pembina, August 25, 1854, begun by Mrs. Spencer to her mother five days before her death, and finished by Mr. Spencer a few days after she was laid in her grave. I copy from it some extracts which give the details of the bloody work done by the cruel savages on that 30th day of August. There have been given by one and another many accounts of it

upon which we could not fully rely, but of course this is the exact truth:

"St. Joseph, Pembina, August 23, 1854.

"My dear Mother: With pleasure I take my pen once more to talk with you a little while waiting for Mr. Spencer. I have longed for a brief space that I might record the loving-kindness and loving care of our tender Shepherd. We are all—" . . . "Little did either of us imagine, when my dear departed wife penned these her last lines, that the melancholy duty would devolve upon me of filling out this sheet with the recital of her sudden and tragic end. But so it is. Verily, we know not what a day may bring forth. A voice from the other world addresses us, 'Be ye also ready, for in an hour when ye think not the Son of man cometh.' . . . The circumstances are briefly these. On the morning of August 20th, between one and two o'clock, myself and wife arose to attend to the children, the two eldest of whom were in a trundle-bed at the side of our own. We were preparing to retire, Cornelia being in the act of lying down, while I was about to blow out the light, when the fatal shot came. Though I heard but one report, it is supposed that two guns were fired simultaneously, the two balls passing through the same pane of glass and the same curtain, which was pierced in four places, and one of them passing through the bedpost. Both balls took effect in the upper part of the breast of my dear wife, and came out at the back; one of them, taking a more downward direction, passed through the lungs.

"Supposing it was but the prelude to a more general attack, my first thought was to barricade the windows, but the boards which I had been accustomed to use were not at hand. As I turned toward the bed, I saw for the first time that my dear wife was shot and was falling upon the bed. She had said nothing except to utter an exclamation at first. At a glance I perceived that the wound was fatal, and ran for a gun

as the only means at hand to call for help. I fired several shots at the door, which, however, failed their intended effect. Our nearest neighbor lived at the distance of about twenty-five rods; the Indian (or half-breed) boys were abed up stairs; the risk was too great to venture outside, and what a scene was that for a husband and father!—his beloved companion weltering in her blood, and his children, one of them an infant at the breast, crying with terror and covered with their mother's life's blood!

"I scarcely know how I lived through that awful night. My first effort was to get the babe asleep and compose the other children, and in this I was successful so far as to be able to attend to my poor dying wife. She had by this time recovered in part from her swoon, so as to have crawled from the bed, and was now stretched out on the floor. While she lay there insensible, as I supposed, to her situation, she remarked that the floor was very hard, and I immediately got a feather bed and removed her to it. She lay for nearly three hours after she was shot, perhaps half of the time in a conscious state and in great bodily suffering. She frequently called for water, and always spoke of its being very grateful to her. She remarked at times, 'I feel so strangely; what is the matter? Have I been shot? Can you not put a plaster on the wound?' This was at first, but afterward, when she fully comprehended that she could not live long, her thoughts were directed more to the Saviour, whose name in ejaculatory prayer was frequently upon her lips. At one time she said, 'Tell Anna to love the Saviour;' at another time, when I opened the outside door, she remarked twice, very earnestly, 'Oh, don't go out! don't go out!' I asked her if the Saviour was precious to her. She replied, 'He is my only hope.' Toward the close she said several times, 'I cannot die.' At first I did not know in what sense to understand her, not knowing but that it might be an unwillingness to die; but my mind was relieved soon after by

her saying, 'Oh, Jesus, if it is thy will, let me die; but oh, give me patience.' She was in great agony and moved constantly from side to side, attempting to rise; for the last hour she suffered much from cold, but just before the close she was more composed, and seemed to engage in prayer and communion with the things of another world. Once I thought I distinguished 'Precious Jesus!' This was the last I heard, and soon after her ransomed spirit was, as we have reason to trust, in that happy land about which she so often sang with the children.

"During the closing scene the two youngest children were asleep, and the oldest comparatively quiet, so that I could give all my attention to my poor dying wife and could close her eyes. For this melancholy privilege I was grateful to my heavenly Father, whose grace was sufficient for me in this my hour of sorest need. As soon as the day was sufficiently advanced to render it safe to venture out, I locked the door and went for assistance. The neighbors soon collected, and were very kind in their attentions, doing everything necessary to be done.

"Toward the close of the day all things being in readiness, with appropriate services we committed the dear remains to their final resting-place by the side of Sister Barnard's grave. Efforts were made by the citizens to find the murderers, but without success. . . . I have had no murmuring or repining thought; it has touched the apple of my eye and torn from me the companion of my bosom, the light of my eyes and joy of my heart—her upon whom I leaned for counsel, my interpreter, the instructor of the mission-boys in religious things, and the faithful mother of our children. Toward her murderers I have no feeling but of pity and compassion. I bless God that another saint has gotten safe home to glory, and that the blow has fallen upon one of the very few in these parts who, we believe, was prepared to exchange worlds. That the affliction has been sanctified to my soul and made the means of rich

blessing—how rich I cannot tell you—is true, but at the same time I have no wish to disguise the fact that I am desolate and afflicted.

"In regard to the future I have no plans, nor do I conjecture what designs the Lord has in respect to me and mine. Until Brother Barnard comes my duty is plain—to stay on the ground, to secure the crops and take care of the property. If the season should not be too far advanced then, it is possible that it may be thought best to go to the States this fall with my two oldest children. I know of no one but yourself with whom I should be willing to entrust them; they are with me, but the babe is cared for by friends in the village."

I have given this detailed account of this sad tragedy, written by Mr. Spencer, because there have been so many different accounts floating about since we made a movement toward bringing the matter before the public that it seemed desirable the exact truth should be stated. In a most interesting sketch of his life, written by Mr. Spencer for his children, he says, in speaking of the terrible experience narrated above: "After the abandonment of the station I returned with the children to find a temporary home for them in the States, a half-breed woman in the caravan taking the charge of Brainerd, then eight months old. One night we stopped on the buffalo plains near a Sioux encampment: one of the traders came over to visit us, and from him I learned that the Indian who fired the fatal shot told him that it was entirely at random, and that he never would have done it had he known that white folks lived there."

From a very interesting communication from the Rev. S. G. Wright, now laboring under our Foreign Board of Missions among the Indians in Wisconsin, I copy the following. After giving an account of the murder of Mrs. Spencer, he says: "An Indian woman was engaged to nurse the baby-boy until the next spring, when Mr. Spencer made arrangements to accompany the caravan of seven hundred Red River

carts controlled by Mr. Kittson, now of St. Paul, to that place. The little girls were seated in the carts; for the babe a swing was suspended from the axle-tree under the body of the cart, and in this way it was carried across the plains to St. Paul. One evening, after the caravan had encamped for the night, some of the Chippewa half-breeds, wandering out from the camp in search of game, overtook and captured three Sioux, all young men. Some one of the party recognized them, and presumed that they were the identical men who were stealing horses the fall before, and very likely fired the shot that killed Mrs. Spencer. They were brought before Mr. Kittson, and a few moments' searching questioning settled the fact that they were the murderers. Mr. Kittson brought them before Mr. Spencer, and, pointing to the motherless children, told them what they had done. They trembled violently, for they expected that the white man whom they had so cruelly wronged would instantly avenge the wrong. Mr. Spencer by an interpreter assured them they were safe, because he was a Christian and the Bible taught him to forgive his enemies: he gave them a good talk, shook hands with them and bade them remember the lesson he had taught them."

In looking over the various papers which have been put in my hands in regard to the work of missionaries at Walhalla, I find mention made of a Mr. Terry who did good work in the mission there as a teacher and was highly esteemed. While engaged in cutting timber for the purpose of erecting a building which was much needed in the work, he was shot by some Indians, and until recently every effort made to find where he was buried was unsuccessful. He was killed some two years before Mrs. Spencer. From a brother of Mr. Terry living in St. Paul we have learned that his death occurred in 1852, in the late summer or early fall. He too was a martyr for the cause of Christ. His remains are to be removed to the martyrs' lot in the cemetery at Walhalla, and the place marked by a suitable tablet.

We append to this story of missionaries and their trials some valuable papers furnished by friends who have taken part or are interested in the work, which give the history of the mission and many incidents connected with it which are well worthy of preservation:

Narrative by Mr. Barnard.

In the summer of 1842 there came to the East a missionary from the far North-west whose name was Frederick Ayer. He and his wife had been teachers in the Indian boarding-school at Mackinac, and were commissioned by the American Board to labor among the Ojibway Indians in the region of Lake Superior. In a comparatively short space of time they and their co-laborers had wrought a great change in the condition of the people, both temporally and spiritually. Many of them had adopted the customs of the whites, had built comfortable houses and their children were in school. Some of them had been brought to the saving knowledge of the Redeemer.

But this prosperity was disturbed by the sudden arrival of their enemies, the Sioux. A battle was fought on the mission-ground, the bullets and arrows flying in every direction. Happily, the missionaries escaped unhurt, but their people, some killed and some wounded, were so frightened and discouraged that they fled from their homes to a more secure retreat. They had just returned from a treaty of peace with the Sioux, held somewhere near the present site of Minneapolis, Minnesota. Here they shook hands with their former enemies, and with them feasted on dogs' flesh, took part in their medicine dance and smoked the pipe of peace. The ceremonies over, the Ojibways started for their homes, rejoicing in the prospect of future peace; but just before they reached the mission they were surprised by a large party of the Sioux, who pursued them and fought them at their own homes. The cause of this outrage was a report just after the Ojibways left that one of the Sioux had been slain somewhere up the Mississippi River.

Thirsting for revenge, they ignored their peace treaty and followed in the trail of the Ojibways as the most sure way of wreaking vengeance. The consequence of this was the abandonment of the mission, and Mr. Ayer, wishing to continue his labors for the Indians, made a tour to the East, accompanied by his wife, two boys and a Christian Indian young woman. His visit awoke an interest in behalf of the red men which resulted in the formation of a society in Northern Ohio called the "Western Evangelical Missionary Association," its purpose being to aid persons who wished to join Mr. Ayer in his undertaking. Leaving his family to spend the winter in Ohio, he returned to his field in the fall, accompanied by a young man by the name of Spencer. They proceeded by water as far as La Pointe, near the head of Lake Superior, where was an American Board mission-station in charge of Messrs. Hall and Wheeler. It was there decided in council that a tour of inspection be made in the interior remote from the hostile Sioux, and Messrs. Ayer and Spencer were delegated to that work. Winter having set in, they procured a train of dogs and set out for the head-waters of the Mississippi River. The result was the formation of a station at Red Lake, some thirty miles beyond the head of that river.

In the early spring of 1843 they commenced operations, building a bark hut and clearing land for a garden. Leaving Mr. Spencer in charge of the place, Mr. Ayer returned to La Pointe to meet his family. Meanwhile, the interest increased in Ohio, and resulted in the consecration of a number of persons to that work, among whom were the writer and his wife. The society, being new and without funds, could promise no salary, but pledged its influence and aid in the shape of clothing and articles donated by benevolent societies and individuals for our own use, any surplus to be exchanged with the Indians for food. Committing ourselves to the Lord, we set out with Mr. Ayer's family, believing that God would not allow us to starve

in his work. Passing up the lakes, we reached La Pointe, where Mr. Ayer awaited us. There being but one vessel on Lake Superior, and our family goods not having arrived, Mr. Ayer and family had to wait for the return trip. Mr. Wright and myself pushed on to join Mr. Spencer at Red Lake, leaving Mrs. Barnard to come on with Mr. Ayer's family.

In our bark canoe we made our way along the south shore of Lake Superior to Fond du Lac, where we found a Methodist station in charge of an Indian interpreter. From thence we proceeded up the St. Louis River to its head, then over the ridge down to the Mississippi River, where, at Sandy Lake, we found another Methodist station, the missionary being absent; from thence up the Mississippi River to its head, over the ridge dividing the waters of Hudson's Bay and the Gulf of Mexico, and down a small stream to Red Lake, thirty miles beyond. There, on the 14th of August, we found Mr. Spencer in his bark hut, living on Indian sugar and working his garden.

Our first business was to prepare for the winter. We procured a bark canoe, and went in search of meadow ground to secure hay for Mr. Ayer's horses and whatever other stock we might have. That accomplished, all by hand—mowing with a scythe and carrying upon poles to the stack—our next work was a more suitable building for winter. A commodious log house was started, and partly finished when the rest of the company arrived on the 6th of October, my wife's twenty-fourth birthday; but winter set in before we could complete the house, and we were obliged to winter in the bark hut. Food being scarce, we were compelled to resort to the Indian custom and get our supply of whitefish from the lake; we also procured some corn and potatoes from the Indians. The corn we had to grind in hand-mills, and a portion of the potatoes froze. Fearing we should run short before spring, Mr. Ayer and myself started on November 30th for the Selkirk Settlement, a distance of

three hundred miles, to procure food and some domestic animals. We were cordially received by all parties, and made the acquaintance of the governor and some of the principal merchants and the Scotch farmers. Mr. Ayer sold his horses and purchased oxen and cows, and with my rifle I bought a cow. Our new-made friends loaded our ox-trains with provisions without charge. On the 8th of January, about midnight, we reached our home. The winter was spent in caring for ourselves and animals; we did not, however, neglect the Indians. Mr. Ayer, having a knowledge of the language, spent most of his time visiting and preaching to them, whilst the rest of us performed the secular work.

A part of our company having commenced operations at Leech Lake, Mr. Spencer joined them in the spring of 1844. Mr. Ayer had a small salary from the American Board, while the rest, though nominally under the auspices of the "Western Evangelical Missionary Society," received only clothing, as above stated. Thus we labored and prayed, with body and spirit, till God gave us a token of acceptance in the outpouring of his Spirit among the heathen. Within the second year quite a number were brought to a saving knowledge of the Redeemer; a church was formed composed of the missionaries and a number of natives who honored their profession and died in the triumphs of faith. A school was established for the children and youth, who were taught to read, first in their own language and then in English. The school was taught mostly by the missionary women, who instructed the girls in needlework in our dwelling-houses until a school was also held evenings, in which the children learned to sing many hymns which were translated into their language, to the amusement and delight of their parents, who were usually present.

In consequence of the difficulty, expense and uncertainty of getting our yearly supplies by the way of the lakes, it was thought desirable to ascertain the feasibility of the Mississippi route. Accordingly, in

January, 1845, Mr. P. O. Johnston of Leech Lake and myself, with our dog-train, made a journey to Fort Snelling. That country was then a vast wilderness, there being but three small trading-posts above the Falls of St. Anthony. At one of these we found a large gathering of Sioux and Ojibway Indians in a council of peace. A short time previously a son of the old Sioux chief had been killed by an Ojibway. Instead of seeking revenge in the accustomed way, the chief had listened to the advice of the trader, and had come with his braves to smoke the pipe of peace with his enemies. Being invited to join in the ceremony, we cheerfully consented, and, sitting by the side of the bereaved chief, I took the pipe from his hand, and, taking a whiff, with a nod passed it over to the next, signifying an approval of their peace-making.

On the present site of Minneapolis was a solitary Government grist-mill attended by a soldier; where St. Paul now is there were but three or four buildings. It was then called "Devil's Den," from the character of its inhabitants. We visited the Pond brothers at their mission-station among the Sioux some miles up the St. Peter's (Minnesota) River. Having made arrangements for the transportation of our supplies by that route, we returned to our homes. On reaching Leech Lake we found that a gang of desperadoes whom the chief was unable to control had commenced depredations upon the mission, breaking open their storehouse and showing other signs of outrage, and soon after killed one of their cattle, and evinced such a determination to continue their disturbances as led to the abandonment of the mission in early summer. Dr. Lewis and wife and Mr. Spencer joined the Red Lake mission, and Mr. Johnston returned to Lake Superior.

During the ensuing fall we were informed that the W. E. M. Society was about to unite with two other organizations and form a new society, which would take us under their charge, promising us aid as formerly and requesting us to enlarge our work. The

Cass Lake Indians having urgently called for teachers, and we being selected for that work, Mr. Spencer and myself visited them in the early winter and made arrangements for the opening of a station there. The winter was spent in moving our household goods and cutting and hauling timber for a house, and in the spring active operations commenced. A bark house was made for summer use, and a commodious log house completed before winter. Meanwhile, the children and youth were taught in our kitchen by Mrs. Barnard in addition to her household duties, the care of our infant daughter and two Indian children. The Indians had the gospel preached to them on Sabbath and at our daily family worship. In the summer of 1847 we were reinforced by the arrival of Rev. A. B. Adams and wife, and Miss Cornelia Leonard, who afterward became the wife of Mr. Spencer. The new society under which we then labored was called the "American Missionary Association," a strictly antislavery and undenominational organization, whose history is too well known to need further remarks.

Mr. Barnard then introduces a communication from Rev. S. G. Wright, who has been mentioned in his narrative, from which we make some extracts. After giving several facts which have been recorded by Mr. Barnard, he says: "Rev. Mr. Ayer preached in the native language, having labored among the Indians in the vicinity of Lake Superior some fifteen years before we came into the country. His labors at Red Lake extend from 1843 to 1849, when he moved down to the Frontier Belle Prairie, where his widow and son still reside." So it seems from the accounts of Mr. Barnard and Mr. Wright that the Ayers were the oldest missionary workers in this part of the country. After the war they did good work among the freedmen in the South, when Mr. Ayer laid down his long and useful life and went home to the rest that remaineth. Mrs. Ayer is one of my dearest friends, and is a living

embodiment of a well-spent life—a life in which self has been entirely ignored and Christ has been honored and glorified. Her old age is beautiful, her peace of mind is perfect, her faith clear as the noonday, and her sweet presence will be much missed from her son's household when she shall be called to join the dear ones gone before and to be for ever with her Lord.

Mr. Wright continues: "In 1844, Mr. O. A. Coe and wife joined the mission at Red Lake, and in 1854 they left that station and settled at Belle Prairie. In 1856 the mission at Red Lake was abandoned, and Mr. Wright, Mr. Lafferty and Mr. Carver, with their wives, all moved to Winnebegoshish and established a mission, which, however, was not sustained many months.

"The Episcopalians began at Gull Lake in 1852. Mr. Breck, and afterward Mr. Peak, labored there, but on account of bad treatment by drunken Indians the mission was abandoned. I have said the mission with which we were connected discontinued its work in 1859. The missionaries went different ways, some to secular work, some into mission-work in other fields. I remained in the country in the service of the Government in the care of Government schools and other work. I preached to the Indians as usual. In 1862, I went South with my family for five years, and was then invited by the Government agent to return and resume the care of the boarding-school. I returned, and remained in the service of the Government until 1883, when failing health compelled me to leave the work.

"During these years, more especially from 1875 to 1879, we saw more fruits of our labors than at any previous time. Conversions were frequent, and the real spirituality of many was remarkable. Bishop Whipple began his work at White Earth in 1868, and extended it to Red Lake, Cass Lake and Winnebegoshish, and during two years that I was absent, 1879 to 1881, he began work at Leech Lake. At all these places he built churches and baptized a large number of those who had been instructed by other

missionaries, whom we had been unwilling to receive to church-membership because they gave no evidence that they were converted or had any experimental knowledge of Christ.

"While it is true that not a large number were converted to Christ during all the years we labored among them, we know that the way of salvation through Christ was fully made known to all the people, and that God and the gospel were honored by the work."

The Rev. Mr. Scott has furnished some very interesting facts in regard to the early missions at Walhalla, and also the present condition of things there. He says: "The great flood of 1852 (some differ as to this date and say 1847) drove the half-breeds up the Pembina to settle at St. Joseph, the water extending as far as where the railroad is at Necho. Walhalla became then an important centre, and had from fifteen hundred to two thousand inhabitants. Fur-traders and Indians came to it from every quarter—from the Missouri River, from the Turtle Mountains, from Pelican and Rock Lakes. They came bringing furs to trade for guns, powder, shot, blankets, whiskey and tobacco. Mr. Cavalier of Pembina, Mr. Kittson of St. Paul and others had stores there, and the shipments of furs to St. Paul each season were very heavy. It was a sight to see several hundred Red River carts starting out with furs, etc. from St. Joseph on their long journey to St. Paul. Buffalo were at first abundant on the plains, and as they gradually disappeared the Indians and half-breeds removed westward until the population was reduced to about one hundred in 1886. Father Balcourt, the first Roman Catholic priest at St. Joseph, arrived there from Pembina in 1851, and erected a grist-mill in the village and also a Roman Catholic church. He established a convent with six Gray nuns to instruct the natives under his charge. He did not want a Protestant mission-school so near, and threatened that if any attended the school they should not have Christian burial when they died. This was dur-

ing the time that the Spencers and Barnards lived and labored there. After the breaking up of the Protestant mission by the death of Mrs. Spencer, the Roman Catholic mission did not prosper. Complaints were made against the priest, and the bishop sent him away."

Mr. Scott gives the following facts in regard to the present condition of the church property in Walhalla: "The trustees of the 'Walhalla Presbyterian Manse and Cemetery Company,' incorporated by the Territorial legislature, have deeded to them forty acres, twenty of which are set apart for a cemetery. These forty acres embrace the cemetery elevation and the manse, stable and glebe among the oak trees at the foot of a part of the Pembina Mountain range that overlooks the village of Walhalla. The cost of the whole, including survey of cemetery, will be about fifteen hundred dollars. We have sold two hundred lots at five dollars each. When we sell another one hundred lots there will still remain about eighteen hundred to sell in the future, to keep the cemetery up for all coming time. It is the central Protestant burying-place for the whole community, and is very finely situated. Over thirty now sleep in it, the greater number of whom, I have reason to believe, are sleeping in Jesus."

Memorial Services.

At this place, on June 21, 1888, a large concourse of people gathered together to witness and take part in the services held in memory of the devoted women, Mrs. Spencer and Mrs. Barnard, whose precious remains had been reverently removed from their first resting-place to the beautiful Presbyterian cemetery on the slope of the Pembina Mountains, just back of the manse where Rev. Mr. Scott resides. The good people of Walhalla had provided a bountiful lunch at the schoolhouse for all who came from the surrounding farms and villages, and, after partaking of the good things provided for us, a delightful social hour was enjoyed. Mr. Barnard, the sole survivor of the

mission, and his daughter, had come from Benzonia, Michigan, his present home, and the meeting of the old man with Mr. Cavalier and other friends of his youth was a sight worth coming a long way to see. His presence was an inspiration to us all. After the repast all adjourned to the cemetery and gathered about the spot where the precious dust had been reinterred. A Frenchman, Felix la Traille, who had dug the first grave, was still there, and prepared the graves on the mountain-side and assisted in the second burial.

Before the services began a photographer took the scene, and has made an excellent picture. In the foreground, seated on a bent sapling, were Felix, the gravedigger, with his pick and spade, and his wife, a Chippewa Indian woman, who cared for the Spencer children the morning after Mrs. Spencer's murder, and washed from the little baby's face its mother's life-blood with which it was covered. The ministers representing Pembina Presbytery were grouped near the graves; ladies representing the foreign missionary organizations were near; and a crowd of men, women and children encircled the sacred spot. After singing and prayer, Rev. Mr. Schell made the opening remarks, and was followed by others. Mrs. Oliver of Huron, Dakota, representing the Board of the "North-west," made a short and appropriate address; Mrs. Brown of Arvilla, president of the Presbyterial Society of Pembina Presbytery, followed; and Mrs. Van Cleve gave a short account of the effort put forth to procure the tombstones; after which she unveiled them.

After this Mr. Barnard stood by his wife's tomb and told his story, and none who heard it can ever forget it. Strong men wept, children listened attentively, and women's hearts were stirred to their depths at the recital of the sufferings and devotion of the dear ones who counted not their lives dear unto them if they might win to Christ the souls of the ignorant, barbarous red men and the degraded women and little children of the forest who knew nothing of the dear Saviour. The

services were closed with singing and prayer, and after the benediction a purse which had been quietly gathered during the exercises was handed to Mr. Barnard, who was completely broken down and in tremulous tones expressed his heartfelt gratitude.

Thus was dedicated our cemetery at Walhalla, which is now a sacred spot. We who were present at the dedicatory services will always remember it with loving interest, and will pray that those two monuments near the mountain-top may prove an object-lesson to all and a stimulus to the churches to labor more earnestly than ever for the extension of the gospel and the conversion of the Indians in our great North-west.

Among those invited by the committee of arrangements to be present on the occasion was our United States consul at Winnipeg, Hon. James W. Taylor. We append his reply:

U. S. CONSULATE,
Winnipeg, June, 15 1888.

REV. J. P. SCHELL, Bathgate, D. T.—

DEAR SIR: I regret that I am prevented by circumstances not within my control from attending, in pursuance of your kind request of the 6th instant, upon the memorial services in Walhalla on the 21st of June at the unveiling of a monument to the martyred missionaries whose devotion and fate forty years since constitute such an impressive incident in the early history Northern Dakota.

Anticipating that the details of the tragedy at St. Joseph will be fully given by others on the occasion referred to, I hope to be indulged in some references to the historical significance of the Indian missions of North America.

The scale of American independence would probably have been turned against the thirteen colonies, except for the Kirkland mission securing the neutrality of the Oneida and Onondaga tribes of the Iroquois Confederacy, and the influence of the Moravian mis-

sions of Pennsylvania and Ohio in restraining the Delaware nation from hostility.

It is now admitted that the residence of Whitman and Parker as missionaries to the Columbia River, fifty years ago, had material influence in the recognition of the Territory, now organized as the State of Oregon and the Territory of Washington, as a division of the United States.

In respect to the immense district north-west of Lake Michigan, permanent missions were established in 1820, at Mackinac by Presbyterians, at St. Boniface by Roman Catholics, and at St. John (now Winnipeg) by the Church of England, with far-reaching consequences; and the frontier annals of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota, as subsequently organized, will for ever preserve the names of Morse, Ferry, Ayer, Hall, Boutwell, Pond, Williamson, Stevens, Barnard, Ravoux and Riggs—missionaries contemporary with the military occupation of Fort Snelling and the peaceful and beneficial fur-trade as organized and administered by Sibley, Kittson and Rice, with unbroken harmony between the Indians and the scattered white population of traders and missionaries.

A similar extension of missionary labors by all Christian denominations was a powerful agency, in combination with the wise administration of the Hudson's Bay Company, in securing permanent tranquillity in Central British America, now known as districts of Canada and designated as Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Columbia and Mackenzie Land.

If, during the California gold exodus and the confusion of civil war, exceptions to these peaceful relations have transpired (as the assassinations of St. Joseph and the Sioux insurrection of 1862-63), let us hope that their recurrence will hereafter be prevented; and if so, history will record that no intervention has been more effective than the zeal and self-denial of the ministers of the cross. Very truly yours,

J. W. Taylor.

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